

A GRAND
BURLESQUE ODE,

As it should have been performed at the

LATE MEMORABLE REGATTA,

IN THE

TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE.

But now introduced in the

COMIC MIRROR;

OR, THE

WORLD AS IT WAGS.

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BURLESQUE

THE MEMORABLE REGATTA

THE MEMORABLE REGATTA



COMMITTEE

WORLD

A G R A N D
B U R L E S Q U E O D E,

AS IT IS PERFORMED IN THE

R E G A T T A - I T E S.

O D E.

R E C I T A T I V E.

BRITANIA! blest with soft repose,
(Whose fields in richest robes are drest,
Whose vallies spread their verdant vest)
Thus from her peaceful palace rose,
And to old father THAMES her suit addrest.

F U L L C H O R U S.

“ O'er thy soft tide, the GLORY of the main,
“ This day may NONSENSE, dullest NONSENSE reign!”

B

R E C I -

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

The Goddesses never sue in vain :

Mark ! the Chief's propitious nod !

The *fiat* echoes to the main :

But lifts with wild amaze the coral-crowned God !

His awful trident shakes the ground !

No longer silence reigns around !

Wild surges lash the trembling shore,

Day shuts one eye—and winds tumultuous roar !

Whilst *Neptune* with indignant smile

Thus greets the Goddesses of our Isle !

A I R I.

To dizon out this filly day,

Thy will let other pow'rs obey :

But, cousin THAMES—I blush for thee !

Hide, for shame, thy rev'rend head ;

Prithee take thyself to bed,

Oh ! grace not *thou* their JUBILEE.

Foaming

(87)

Foaming rise resounding billows !
Madly tear the bending willows !
Till THAMES his grisly beard shall hide,
And punch it with his silver tide.

F U L L C H O R U S.

Quickly ebb'd the affrighted flood,
Leaving nought but *Ooze* and *Mud* !

R E C I T A T I V E *accompanied.*

Why gaze yon multitude amain ?
Is't *Venus* and her Paphian train ?
No ! *Charlotte Hayes*, the queen of smiles,
Queen of dimple-dwelling wiles ;
Paphian *maids* around her move,
Keen-ey'd Hope, young Joy, and Love !
With quiver full, the wanton god she brings,
Close by her side he flacks his downy wings.

Hark

Hark with love's minstrelsy the silence breaks,
And wild *disorder* listens while she speaks.

A I R.

Love and Frolic sprung from heav'n,
Sov'reigns of the human soul,
Are by Nature wisely giv'n,
Duller passions to controul.
Beauty's empire far extends
O'er the ocean's wide domain,
From the world's extremest ends,
To *Britannia's* happy plains.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Folly's sons now flock around,
Big with joy to view the sight:
Lo! their boats are all a-ground!
In a rain-begotten night!

Hear

(9)

Hear what more the Muse could see,
Of this water JUBILEE!—

D U E T.

Fools array'd in various classes,
Under white, or blue, or red;
Shallow statesmen,—city asses:—

Managers—*without a head!*

All hands hawling!

Ladies squawling!

Jumbled thus with mortal dregs,

Topers quaffing!

Boatmen laughing!

At the ladies bandy legs:---

F U L L C H O R U S.

BRITANNIA, hail! kind Nurse of *Folly's* crew!

Thy policy shall ring from shore to shore;

Who proudly cherishest a fool or two,

To tofs their caps, and make ten thousand more!

C

L A N-

((10))

A LIST OF

CATCHES and GLEES,

With the COMPOSERS Names.

CANZONET. Mr. DIBDIN.

Adam, alone, cou'd not be easy,

But he must have a wife, and please ye :

And from a rib, ta'en out his side,

Was form'd this necessary bride.

But how did he the time beguile ?

Pooh, he slept sweetly all the while.

But when this rib was re-applied,

In woman's form to Adam's side,

How then, I pray you, did it answer ?

He never slept so well again Sir.

GLEE.

((11))

GLEE. Mr. DIBDIN.

No longer ye meads look so chearful and gay,
No longer such beauty retain,
The pride of the grove, your Myrtilla's away,
And nought but despair fills the plain.

Her beauty, her merit, what tongue can display,
What heart but her sweetness can gain,

Her praise every warbler rehears'd on the spray;
But she's gone, and our wishes are vain.

GLEE. Dr. ARNE.

Which is the properest day to drink?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Each is the properest day, I think,
Why should we name but one day?
Bravo! bravo! each is my day,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

CATCH.

(12)

CATCH. Mr. WISE.

Come honest friends, and jovial boys,
Follow, follow, follow me,
And sing this catch merrily.

G L E E. Mr. GIARDINI.

Beviamo tutti tre,
Una la volta voglio bene Signor fi,
Bav ! viva, viva, bravo ! bravo !
Oh che gusto star allegri,
E bever del bon vin !

F I N I S.



CATCH.

